

Prin. What saist thou, *Maistris quickly*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone, and list to mee.

Prin. What saist thou, *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell asleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds apeece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and, my Lord, hee speaks most vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee, Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue, to call mee so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwife.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue, thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an yniust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true, *Hofesse*, and hee slanders thee most grosely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,
You

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a Million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and sayd he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*; you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

Pri. I say tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowst, as thou art but a man, I dare: but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himselfe is to be feared, as the Lyon: doe'st thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees? But sirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine; it is all fill'd vp with Guts, and Midriffes. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocke? Why thou horefon impudent Imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of Bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou heare, *Hal*? Thou knowst, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* doe in the dayes of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man, and therefore more frailty: you confesse then you picke my

Prin. It appeares so by the story. (pocket.

Fal. *Hofesse*, I forgine thee: goe make ready breakfast, love thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghosts, thou shalt finde me tractable to any honest reason: thou'lt see I am pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone.

Ex. Hofesse.
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery: Lad, how is that answered?

Prin.